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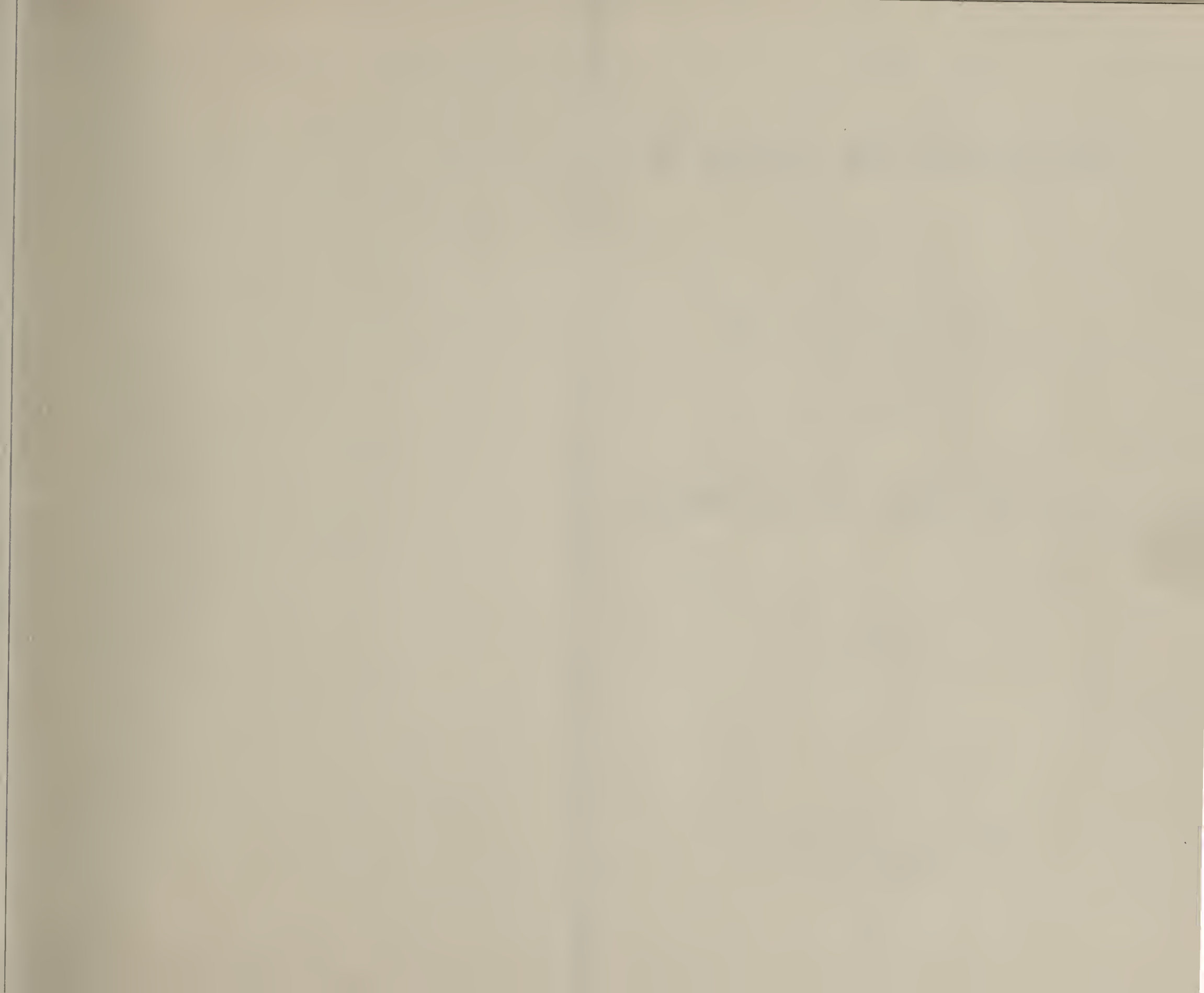


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THE

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G'HALS OF BOSTON;

OR,

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES

OF

CELEBRATED COURTEZANS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

BOSTON:

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MISS ANNA MACKAY.

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G'HALS OF BOSTON.

MISS ANNA MACKAY.

In the pleasant village of Thetford, Vt., some four years ago, lived a happy family. No stain had attached itself to the escutcheon of its honor, and the parents looked forward to a happy future. Not the least of the stars with which kind Heaven lighted their path through the world, was found in the person of their youthful daughter Anna, who at that time had just verged upon her teens, with personal attraction of a high order, a happy, kind disposition, and an innocence which seemed too strongly rooted to be beguiled. She was the belle of the village, young as she was, and many an honest villager had placed his eye upon her, and in so doing, lost his heart. Had she remained in this home of her childhood till she arrived at years of discretion, what a world of sorrow would have been saved!

It was, however, otherwise ordered; Anna had caught that most dangerous of all ills which can befall so young and so fair a flower as she, the Lowell fever; and nothing would appease her, save the consent of her parents for her to go to the city of spindles and make her way through the world. This was the first cloud which darkened the sunshine of the father's

life, and completely clouded that of the mother. Anna, the pride of the family and of the village, ignorant of the ways of the world, and the thousand temptations which beset the youthful and inexperienced maiden, to be allowed to leave her home, and, perhaps, fall a victim to man's lust.

What anguish would these reflections kindle in a tender parent's bosom! The father's step grew less bold as he entered the house, and when his eyes fell upon the lovely face of his daughter, radiant with smiles, his heart, manly though it was, trembled, grew tender, and eyes which for many a year had not known grief, were turned away to hide a tear, which a man was ashamed to let fall in sight of others. But if such were the feelings of the father, what were those of the mother, who had only one favor to ask of her Maker, and that to live to see her child happy and honored by the world. What a night of agony was that which succeeded the avowal of Anna's wish. How many bitter, burning tears were shed at the thought of parting with her darling child; how many prayers were sent to heaven to protect the innocent from harm, and to lead her in those paths which would ensure her happi-

ness. When morning came, and with it the labors of the day, with what an aching heart did she seek that daughter's chamber, gaze upon her pleasant face wrapped in sleep, imprint a mother's kiss upon her offspring, and turn from her to find relief in tears. What an alteration had that night of anguish made in her features, which for the first time showed the traces of sorrow. Everything she did was performed mechanically—her thoughts were upon the separation;—and when Anna awoke from her pleasant dreams, and with a light step and a beaming eye sought her presence, how tenderly did the mother welcome her and brush the tears from her face, that she might not sully her happiness. What volumes of affection were unfolded and poured upon the fair one. And when the blessing was asked upon the morning's repast, and family prayers said, with what fervency did that father commend her keeping to the Father of all. Preparations were made for departure; everything which her parents could procure to render her comfortable was obtained; the best of advice given her, and the dangerous shoals on the voyage of life pointed out. Last of all, a bible was put into her trunk. The mother pointed to it, told her that it had been her safe-guard, her consolation through life, and requested as the only favor, that she would peruse it daily, and obey its precepts, which could not but ensure her happiness.

What a crowd assembled to bid her adieu, and what a delay did her acquaintances occasion the passengers in the vehicle which conveyed her from that home, by their embraces, congratulations and good wishes. How gratifying to a parents heart must it have been to have seen how much their daughter was beloved.

"Come, hurry up the cakes," said the driver to the parents as they kissed her brow, and

"With that, wringing her hands they turn'd away,
And though their tears would hardly let them look
Yet such a look did through their tears make way
As show'd how sad a farewell there they took."

Lowell with its busy throngs passing to and fro, the hum of industry which greeted her ears, was so far different from the quiet of her native village, that Anna was almost bewildered on her arrival. She obtained employment in one of the factories, and it soon became rumored abroad that a new girl, and a beauty too, had come down. Some of the boys, and divers curious people daily congregated at the gate to catch a glimpse of her as the girls passed to and from the mill. A stranger in the place, she accepted the proffered service of a young lady who boarded in the same house with her, to show her the sights; and it was during their promenades that the fair girl made the acquaintance of several dashing fellows, and was marked by libertines as a beautiful flower to be plucked, a delicate morsel to appease and gratify their passions.

But the time was not yet; she was too young; besides, the simplicity of her character, the halo of innocence and purity which lived within her and surrounded her, forbade their advances, and they shrank abashed from virtue. Time was necessary to obliterate her love of right even under the skilful tuition of an accomplished panderer to the depraved appetite of the libertine. One of the latter class, more attractive than the rest, soon obtained an introduction to Anna through the medium of a female who had often lent herself to gratify his lusts, though not a suspicion of her dishonor, had as yet rested upon her. He was a young man extremely prepossessing in his address, and well calculated to instil a blind confidence in all his promises, in the mind of so unsophisticated a girl as she. He

turned her head with amusements; the museum contributed to her pleasure, riding, walking, dancing, each lent their aid to effect a change for the worse in Anna, and finally her repugnance to wine was overcome, and her only thoughts were of balls, hot suppers and "a good time." Step by step her principles of virtue, and morality were undermined, till it lacked but a fitting opportunity to seal her destruction. That was not long wanting. A ride to a neighboring town, which numbers among the inducements it holds out for the citizens of the city to visit it, a tavern where single gentlemen and their wives can with impunity taste of the joys of wedlock, was proposed. The landlord is very kind, and does not consider it his duty to demand a sight of the certificate of those who may wish to pass the night in his house, so long as money is forthcoming.

Anna had frequently visited this house in company with the rouse, but it was only a short time since he had prevailed upon her to taste of the contents of the "flowing bowl," and he had hardly dared to propose to her other than the most honorable terms unless he could do so when she was in that delirium of the senses which wine produces on persons of ardent temperament.

Goaded to madness with desire, he at length resolved to win her charms, and at the end of a week of toil in the close air of a factory, she accepted with pleasure his invitation to accompany him to the place where her destiny was to be sealed.

It was a lovely evening; the warm breath of summer imparted a glow to their cheeks as they rode out of the city, admiring the beauties of nature. Never had Anna enjoyed herself so well, and never had she clung with the tenacity of a maiden's first love, to her companion as during that ride. The beautiful scenery around had kin-

dled in her breast a holy love, which she longed to lavish upon him. He looked upon the simple bud of beauty at his side, and spite of the hardness of his heart, shuddered as he thought of his base purposes; the sense of right which had not been completely cast into oblivion by his passions and dissolute course of life, brought before him the extent of the injury he was about to inflict upon her, and almost persuaded him to leave her that gem of her sex, her virtue; but, the demon of passion whispered in his ears, and right was stifled by the hint that marriage would set all things right, and as he cast his eyes upon her youthful face, he swore, perhaps sincerely, at that time, that she should not suffer by yielding herself to him. 'Tis thus his Satanic Majesty leads the human heart to the commission of crimes at which it shudders.

They soon arrived at the house; Anna descended from the carriage and with blithesome step entered the door; her companion had some misgivings as he saw her, and knew she was all unconscious of the plot which had been laid to effect her ruin, but a sip of the cooling liquid dispensed at the bar reanimated him. His purpose was firmly fixed as he rejoined her in a private room to which the porter had shown her, seated himself on the sofa by her side, clasped her tiny waist and swelling bosom to his, and imprinted a kiss of lustful passion upon her ruby lips.

"I ne'er on that lip for a moment have gazed,
But a thousand temptations beset me;
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you've rais'd,
How delicious 'twould be—if you'd let me."

Even now we envy him the pleasure of sipping the virgin nectar from those lips, though we would not endure, what we think such a fiend must endure, who could be guilty of sacrificing so fair a flower, so innocent a thing as she to his unholy wishes:

Anna's spirits were exultated and

her appetite sharpened by the freshness of the balmy breeze which played upon her; and when a table was set for supper, displaying all the delicacies of the season, and a bountiful supply of wine—

"Which cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
The young, makes Weariness forget her toil,
And Fear her danger; opens a new world,
When this, the present falls."

met her gaze to appease that appetite, and add exhilaration to her spirits, the merry twinkle of her eye, and the bewitching smile which played upon her lips, told what satisfaction she realized, and how well she was pleased.

Bumper after bumper was drank to happiness and health, till the passion of the libertine knew no bounds; lust beamed from his eyes, and his hands ran wildly over her charms, no longer hid from his gaze.

"All that can eye or sense delight,
Were gathered in that gorgeous sight."

Intoxicated by the wine a new phase of love revealed itself to her, and her eyes swan with desire; she gave herself into his hands, and in doing so became wise, for she now knew evil.

That night, for the first time in her life, Anna slept from her home.—Till that night her life had been comparatively without regrets—happiness, the result of innocence and virtue, had been hers; but

"Now it is past—bright, transient gleam
Of sunshine in life's dreary waste;
Even as some half-remembered dream
Of happier times—'tis past—'tis past!"

When Anna awoke, it was as in a dream; her aching head reclined upon the bosom of a sleeping friend, whose dreams were, judging by the smile which played upon his lips, and the close caress in which he bound her to himself, of the fairy by his side and the pleasure he had quaffed. She placed her hand to her head to summon memory to her aid, and if possible divine the

means by which she had arrived at such a goal; she gazed upon the remains of that bacchanalian repast, her torn dress, and the sleeper by her side, and the truth flashed in upon her. Her first impulse was to fly, and she endeavored to tear herself away from the foils of her seducer; but in accomplishing her object, she awoke him, and he restrained her. Bursting into tears she upbraided him for his conduct, and he in answer, and to quiet her fears, assured her that all should be well; that his love for her was unbounded and he would efface the injury he had done her in a moment of passion, in a manner which should calm her fears, and restore her honor. She believed his promise, declared her love for him and imprinted the first passionate kiss upon his cheek.

"What sweet delirium in his bosom stole,"

as her palpitating breast leaned upon his,

— "And her white arms hung
On his lov'd neck, as tho' in that one clasp,
The whole wide world of joy was in her grasp."

Passion once more drove Reason and Virtue from the throne, and it was late on a pleasant Sabbath morning when the pair issued from the house to seek again the crowded streets of Lowell. How totally different were their feelings from those which they possessed on the night previous. The roue had some misgivings as to the honor of his act, which, added to the effect the revelry of the preceeding evening had upon him, caused a gloomy silence to come over him. Anna felt that she had been betrayed, feared the worst while she hoped for the best, but could hardly expect to justify herself from the suspicions which her absence must create in the minds of her companions. Several times subsequent to this, did she suffer the villain to drive her out to the place which had witnessed her fall, but each time he

seemed to grow more tired of her society, and as a new subject for his machinations was presented in the form of a fresh arrival, he dropped her.

The worst fears of Anna were thus realized, and she hardly cared to what end, fate hurried her. If she could have been accused of being dissipated before, how much more strongly would it apply to her now. Balls, theatres, moonlight excursions in the country were more frequent than before and she now rarely pressed the pillow an hour in advance of the crowing of the cock. In course of her rambles she became acquainted with a Boston barber, who frequently, under an assumed character, visited Lowell.— He also was a fast man as long as the six-pences he had saved from months spent in tonsorial operations, lasted, and as a natural consequence, was peculiarly fond of fast women. Anna grew quite intimate with him.

One day after the said barber had returned from one of his excursions in search of fun and fancy, Tom P., a man well known round town, was testing his skill; and as he had become satiated with all the frail fair in Boston, he inquired of K. the barber, if in his visit to Lowell, he had not formed the acquaintance of some pretty miss, more fond of pleasure than of work, who would like to change her situation for one of guilty ease in the city, and promised could such an one be procured to satisfy his dainty palate, a liberal reward for her.

The barber immediately hit upon Anna, and was persuaded to place before her the offer of Tom, thus reversing the order of society which generally seeks for procurers among the female sex. The barber hurried to Lowell and after some conversation with the subject of our sketch, induced her to comply with his wishes. Dreams of gold, fine dresses, and pleasures without alloy flitted through

her brain, and it was no strange thing that she chose to accept the proffered boon, rather than drag out an existence in a mill, where suspicion already marked her as one of them, and where her female acquaintances sought to debase, rather than elevate her, to plunge her into moral degradation, than to restore her to the paths of rectitude. Had the prime cause of all this evil no compunctions of conscience at the result of his baseness? None: he even passed her by now without speaking, or if forced to speak, would upbraid her for making a fool of herself. What impudence!

"Oh, lost to honor's voice! Oh, doom'd to shame!
Thou fiend acurst! thou murderer of fame!
From innocence to tears
That name, than liberty, than life more dear,
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return?
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?"

Tom caught his bird, and caged her in a house near Harrison Avenue; promised to pay her board and expenses, and to dress her in queenly shape. But promises like his are easily made, and can be, by such as he, more easily broken. The board bill remains against him to this day, and the extent to which Anna dipped her fingers in his dough, was for the purchase of some cotton cloth for a chemise, which cost about six cents per yard. It was keeping with a vengeance! Weary of this life as she was of her previous one, she fell in with a female acquaintance, who introduced her within the door of the Stark House on Lowell street, which was at that time a house of ill fame. Anna concluded to board there and commenced a life of promiscuous prostitution.

Sometime after this, she boarded with a Mrs. Monroe, who was indicted for her seduction. Whipple took it into his head to journey to her parent's home and obtain permission of them, by representing her frailty, to take

her and act in some measures as a guardian would. But her friends got wind of his intentions, and in some way or other enabled Anna to reach her native town before the constable, so that when he arrived, Anna was there to give the lie to all his assertions. Parents always have a blind confidence in a child's honor, and Whipple left without having accomplished his object.

Having circumvented Whipple, and allayed her parent's fears, Anna under the pretence of resuming her work in the factory, left for the house of shame.

Since then she has been one of Boston's fairest courtezans. She is now living at the West End, and retains her beauty in a great degree.— Her form is petite, her skin fair, her face rather round; with the prettiest and most voluptuous lip, round which a playful smile ever hovers; eyes bright and twinkling, and full of gaiety; and auburn hair—she is a delicate morsel yet. Still those who knew her when purity held its throne in her heart, cannot but mark the change which her present mode of life has created.

We have touched lightly upon her errors; compared with the villain who

was the cause of her misfortunes, Anna, spite of her occupation, is an angel. Society is so formed that one false step is sure to plunge her who takes it, into the lowest paths of vice. Even females, we grieve to say it, honor the seducer and court his society, while his victim, more to be pitied than censured, receives her contempt; nay, worse than that, they spread the story of her shame, and, spurning her from their doors, create a necessity which compels her to prostitution or starvation. And this is the good, Christianity, as understood by thousands, has accomplished! But few philanthropists stand out from those professed Christians and virtuosos, to check as far as their humble efforts may do, the ills which this state entails. Spear of the Prisoners' Friend, has accomplished much good; Augustus, ever on the alert to assuage the ills of life and restore the fallen, has done, perhaps more; while Channing and some one or two others lend their aid to cheer them on. May God speed them!

That the subject of this sketch may yet be elevated from her present sphere

Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,

is our sole wish.



MISS CATHERINE AUGUSTA LECOMPTE, *alias* KATE ALLEY

CATHERINE AUGUSTA LECOMPTE, *alias* KATE ALLEY.

In vain have we taxed the memory of the oldest inhabitant, to ascertain with exactitude, the propitious moment when the above named star in the galaxy of Boston's Courtezans, made her debut. That she is entitled to a seat among the veterans of caterers in Venus' joys, none who have seen her, will pretend to deny. Who that has resided here, that has not heard of her, seen her promenading the streets, dressed as none but a perfect courtesan knows how, accompanied by some young girl whom she has inveighed in her snare, and is showing up, as a jockey shows his horse, to tempt the libertines of the day.

We have however been enabled to lay before our readers the fact, that some fifteen years since, Kate Alley, (that is her true name,) came to Boston, from Bath or its immediate vicinity, and took board in Province House court. She was duly installed in a millinary establishment in Washington street, where she, for some time, conducted herself in a manner, which gained for her the esteem of her employer. But the Kate of times long gone by, was a pretty creature, with her voluptuous form, sparkling eyes, and lips which a Venus might envy; and as a matter of course, has caused many a pang in the breast of the young bucks about town, who longed to kneel at her shrine and be blessed. There were those also who sought her society, to sport in her charms, without ever dreaming of love. Unfortunately for her, one of these serpents fascinated her; she believed him the soul

of honor. He was a perfect rone, knew the female heart to perfection, and took the right measures to win her to his lustful embrace. She was naturally a mild sort of a girl, and not by any means prudish. She could take a joke, aye, give one too; and, loving her beau, as she called him, frequently allowed him certain little liberties, which paved the way for larger. Marriage began to be hinted, and the young rone, the better to accomplish his object, concluded to take apartments in the same house with his victim, and celebrate the nuptials as soon as the law allowed.

The evening of the day on which he had determined to become an inmate of the same house as the subject of this sketch, was spent at a concert; and never had she been so desirable to his eye as on that evening. At first, he hardly dared, so soon, to make his effort to carry the citadel of virtue; but passion was too strong to admit of a delay, and as he neared the house, he determined to effect his purpose,—to pass that night in Kate's arms. As the resolution was taken, they arrived at the door, and Judas-like, he kissed her, and Kate as ardently returned his embrace.

After passing a few moments in the parlor, the wiley rogue pretended not to be acquainted with the winding of the stairs, and by dint of enquiring of her the way to his number, he managed to ascertain the whereabouts of the bed-chamber occupied by his victim. Having ascertained what he desired, he concluded not to pass the

night there, but to move all his things the next day, and pretended to leave the house.

As soon as Kate left the entry, he bent his steps to her room, resolved that if she slept in the room that night, he would have the pleasure of being her companion. Fate seemed to favor him, for Kate sat up with the landlady until all the boarders had gone to their rest; the door was locked, and taking the keys, she also retired, and Kate wended her way to her own apartment.

It was late when the light of a candle shown full upon his eyes and awakened the bold rouse to the reflection that he must have been sleeping an hour or two. The first object he discovered was the charming figure of Kate, and sleep left his eyelids.

A perfect bower of beauty was that chamber, every thing was so neat; a pretty pair of curtains hung over the bed, which, as she had divested herself of her garments, she drew aside, first having placed the light in such a place that its rays might not forbid her pretty eyes to close; what was her surprise to find her lover comfortably stretched out! Overcoming her first impulse, which was to scream, she exclaimed:

"My God! you here; and what for? Do you wish to ruin me?"

"My dear girl, forgive me, if I have been unfortunate enough to mistake the directions you gave me. I concluded to stop in the house, as it had commenced to storm violently, and intended to surprise you in the morning," answered the deceiver, as he drew her to his bosom, and kissed, with animation, her ruby lips.

"But what shall we do," she rejoined; "the landlady is in bed, has the keys of the room in her's, and to call her would be to compromise you as well as myself."

The truth was, Kate was not at all angry that the mistake had occurred;

she loved the person who had been so bold as to make it; and having no doubts that he too loved her, she would not have torn his eyes out if he had proposed the thing to her; now that a mistake had occurred, and she felt the palpitating of his heart on her bosom, and his warm kisses on her cheek, she could not be so cruel as to turn him out; still she felt that she must endeavor to persuade him to leave; she had therefore asked him, "What shall we do?"

"I am really sorry that the keys are not where you can find them without disturbing the boarders and the landlady," he replied, "but I think there is a remedy even for this dilemma."

"And what remedy?" showing more uneasiness than she really felt.

"Why, I think there is but one resolution to adopt, unless I pass the night on the stair-case, and that is, to remain where I am. I am quite comfortable and can be still more so."

"Ah, me!" exclaimed Kate, "I deserve this, for being so stupid as not to see you out of the house, instead of leaving you in the hall."

"Well, then, my charming Kate, are you so sorry? What have you to fear? You are soon to be my dear little wife, and what boots it, if we spend one night in each other's arms before marriage? You are certainly much to be pitied—"

"Are you laughing at me? I am determined to get the keys from the landlady's pillow."

"Right, Kate, take care you have nothing to reproach yourself with, but above all, don't forget that your dear lover is hungry, very hungry."

"Certainly, you have reason to be troubled," she observed with a smile, and left the room to seek for something to appease his hunger; she soon returned with ample means to satisfy his appetite, and did not forget to add (it was fashionable in those days,) a little of 'something warm' to the

more solid dishes. Kate so far resigned herself to her fate, as to sip a few drops of the wine.

After supper, as if modesty had one more death struggle to make, she left the room to speak again with the landlady. The intruder smilingly desired her not to forget the key this time, and she returned in greater agitation than before.

"No key, Kate," he said in a most pitiful tone of voice.

"No, dear, no key,—what shall we do?"

"Ah! I expected it—we must submit to destiny," and he pretended to arrange his handkerchief round his head for the night, when she began to scold him in right earnest, for what she termed his deceit. How her little anger delighted! How interesting is a young girl when she weeps and laments her first error. He kissed these first tributes of innocence from her eye, and endeavored to appease her anger. "Ah, little rogue," said he, "you intend to sleep to-night, just now you pretended to be so tired."

"For mercy's sake speak to me no more about it."

"Well, then, let us lie down and talk, instead of sleeping, and afterwards whatever may suit us best."

"And nothing more?" she demanded, while some tears lingered on her cheek.

"Nothing, but what you please—nothing."

"If you deceive me, I can at least call for help," added Kate, in a firmer tone.

What followed we reserve for the private ear of the reader. Day began to break, ere they resigned themselves to sleep, nor did they awake, till the servant had rapped thrice upon the door.

"We must separate, my dear," murmured Kate—"how soon it seems. The last kiss, and then, adieu."

Thus fell Kate! a victim to the

arts of the seducer, her love for him and her temperament. So impressed had he become with the ardor of her love that he really swore to make Kate his wife; a complete change had been wrought in his feelings; nothing, it seemed could part him from her.

"Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly;
Nor deem'd, before his little day was done,
One blast might chill him into misery,
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befel;
He felt the fullness of satiety."

Another flower attracted his attention, and as he had extracted all the honey from Kate, he by degrees became colder and more cold, till soon he merely recognized her as she passed him in the street.

He was one of those contemptible bipeds who, not content with enjoying the favors of a female, spread the story of her frailty amongst his followers, boast of the success of their amours over their social glass, and at last, when chasing some other bird, sneer at her, as though her arms were open for any person whose passion led him to seek her. One by one her admirers increased, till it was no longer safe for the reputation of the milliner where Kate was employed, to tolerate her presence. She had advised her in the outset to beware of the foils of the libertine, but now that she had fallen, had become the bye-word of every rouse in the city, she felt that Kate must leave.

We next find that she attached herself to a merchant, who is now well known in Boston, as one of the few men who have been successful in their business, and who now enjoys a competency, the fruit of industry and skill in conducting his speculations. One will perhaps wonder that a man who should be so improvident as to add a mistress to the list of his luxuries, should have succeeded in amassing a fortune; but one's own experience, if not too dearly pur-

chased, is the best master; and so it proved in this case. Money left the purse of the merchant as fast as it entered it, and his end would soon have been told, had not Kate been guilty of an infidelity, which completely cured him of a disposition to court the favors of kept women.

Having a disposition to enjoy a sleigh ride one afternoon, he, together with a friend, wended their way towards one of the fashionable resorts in the environs of Boston, at that time, the Punch Bowl, and had but just got comfortably seated in a room, partaking of some proofs of the skill of mine host; when the voice of Kate rung a peal of laughter to his astonishment. His first impulse was to rush to the next room from whence it came, chastise the fellow who had dared to interfere in his joys, and eject the false mistress from the house. Philosophy overcame passion, however, and he contented himself with witnessing, in a questionable manner, her infidelities. When Kate rose to depart, she was confronted by her friend who remarked he was "glad to see her enjoy herself so well, and hoped she would have a happy future." Kate, nothing daunted at her detection, told him there was sufficient demand for her—charms, and that if he did not choose to buy, others would, and wound up by politely requesting him to visit the old gentleman in the lower regions. All this time her companion in frailty kept in the background, behind the door; but the jilted lover was determined to see him, and visit his wrath upon him. Entering the room which had been the scene of Kate's new conquest in the wars of Venus, judge of his surprise when, shivering before him, stood his cousin, a clerk in the store. He had been his master's confidant, and had frequently carried messages from one to the other. He was a

position, and Kate had frequently granted him all the most ardent disciple of Venus could have demanded. The young man, he was scarce nineteen, was desperately in love with her; would have parted with his soul to have gratified her, and was ready to go with Kate wherever she would lead him. The discovery the merchant made, somewhat cooled his temper, for he knew it was in the power of the two intriguants to injure him in the eyes of his family and the world: this was a streak of good fortune to our youth whose carcass stood no chance before the powerful frame of the merchant. A mutual understanding took place, in which it was arranged, that the merchant should give Kate a certain sum to release him from all future demands, while she and the clerk, swore never to see each other again.

From that time an aversion to frail women took possession of the mind of the merchant and saved him from ruin. Pity some of the same or a kindred feeling could not have been awakened in the heart of the young man.

Just one week after this fatal encounter, for so it nearly was to Kate, who had fostered some magnificent schemes for bleeding her keeper, it was currently reported among the frequenters of bawdy houses, that a new girl was at Suke's, meaning Susan Bryant's house of entertainment at the west end: Kate has turned out, was re-echoed among the circle of acquaintances who first tasted of her sweets, and they pronounced her a fool for making a common woman of herself. Quite a scene took place in Washington street, just after her debut among the public courtezans of Boston. She met while enjoying an afternoon's promenade, decked in all the gay, flaunting paraphernalia of a wanton, the man who had triumphed over her virtue, and who was the first to in-

still into her breast a knowledge of evil. He was accompanied by a female to whom he was to be married. Kate stopped as though she wished to speak; her seducer stepped out of the way, as if to give the impression to his companion that it was a mistake of the woman and that he did not know her. Kate had determined when she first saw him to create a scene which should break off the engagement; indeed, she had long cherished such an idea: she had therefore marched boldly up, calculating on his confusion to enable her to exchange a few words with him, which would, she felt sure, seal his fate with a high minded, wealthy girl as the one to whom he was paying court.

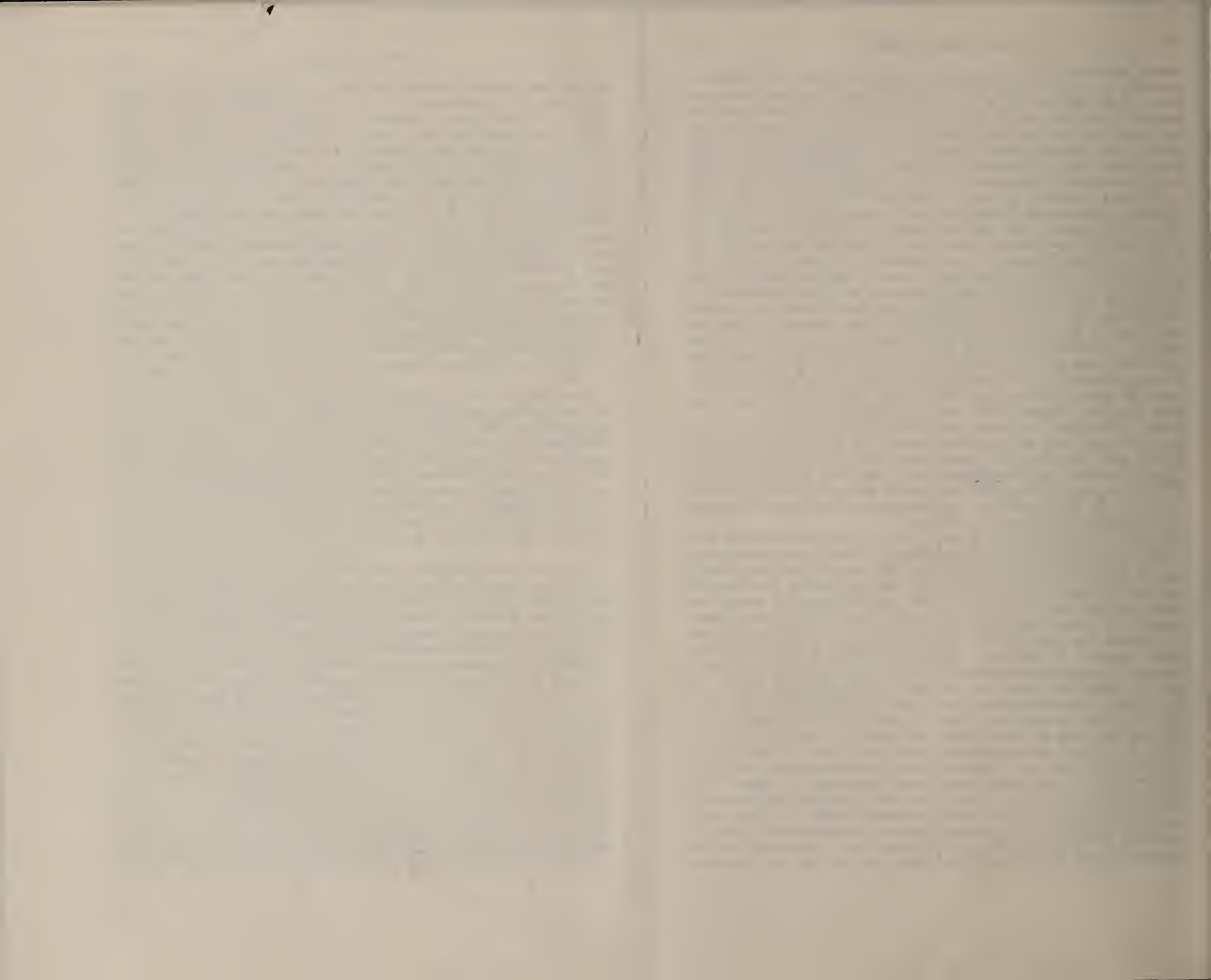
When she saw his self-possession, she was thrown completely out of joint, and had almost concluded to suffer him to pass unmolested, when a sudden freak of passion seized her, and she in turn seized him by the collar, completely separating him from his companion, who uttered a shriek and fainted in the arms of a gentleman who happened to know her.

The young cause of Kate's misfortunes, seeing that all was lost, determined to sell his prize as dearly as possible, and Kate would soon have stood in the costume of paradise, towards which she had made rapid strides—thanks to the staccato movement of the arms of the enraged. But the clerk, who by this time had arrived at the possession of the full immunities of fancy man, as a harlot's pal is designated, seeing her in trouble elbowed his way through the crowd amid the curses of sundry gentlemen with corns or tender toes, and let fly his hammers in telling style, upon the pate of the unfortunate libertine. The clerk gave him a regular milling, and taking Kate by the arm, who was proud of her man, walked away from

the scene, leaving the rone to mourn over a pair of eyes shrouded in black, and to stop the stream of claret which poured from a wound in their vicinity.

Kate was triumphant in all respects, but the affray caused the loss of his situation to her pal, and the pair left for New York to avoid the threatened punishment for their rudeness.

Arrived in the city of Gotham, the dashing Kate took the bloods by storm; purses flew open, and she did a brisk business in her line. She was the bright particular star of the fancy then for a long time, and a party of bloods never thought of going to Coney Island or on a spree to Hoboken, unless she made one of them. She was a perfect wanton, as "gallus a duck" as ever trod the Bowery or promenaded Broadway. Her boldness, however, led her into some law adventures, one of which bore rather heavily on her purse, besides wounding her pride. Meeting a country gentleman one afternoon, Kate undertook to show him the elephant, expecting by playing the "husband game" on him, to release him of some surplus funds, which she had been lead to suppose he had about his person. In this, however, she was mistaken; and determined to avenge herself upon the unoffending man, she drove him into the street at the hour when New York is all life and bustle, with a very scanty covering to a pair of legs which would be of some credit to the living skeleton. One of the guardians of the night was, after several trials, awakened from a lethargy into which he had fallen, by the man *sans culottes*, which so exasperated Charlie, that, instead of listening to a recital of his grief, he lugged him to the watch house, and complained of him for an indecent exposure of his person. An explanation was, however made, and a search for the missing clothes. Kate was held to answer to a charge of robbing the verdant of his garments, and a heavy fine imposed



by an antiquated Dogberry. She determined to get square with him, and knowing that he was not possessed of perfect eye-sight, determined to promenade Broadway with him arm in arm. She dressed herself as flauntily as possible, and laid in wait for his Honor. She met him in Broadway, accosted him with familiarity, and he supposing her to be a member of the upper ten, a neighbor to him, proffered his arm, which she accepted. He discoursed of the opera and theatres, and his dashing companion answered in monosyllables to his satisfaction.— Such a promenade caused many an eddy, ripple and stoppage in the current of the waters of fashion, which at that hour of the day, rolls down the great thoroughfare; the bloods laughed, and broke many a bottle on her head: the ladies wondered what the old fool was doing with such a bold, unblushing harlot; those of his profession who chanced to meet him, and members of the society where he worshipped, felt that the bar and the church were scandalized. But how had this happened, was the question asked by all? Finally his Honor arrived at his residence, when his companion handed him a card on which was printed the name of Kate Lecompte, No. — Church street, which he deciphered on reaching his study, aided by his good lady, who muttered loud anathemas against the miserable wanton who had thus scandalized the family.

Kate's fancy, like all the rest of that tribe grew sick of her, and finding out his infidelities, she dismissed him. He took up his residence with a woman on the Five Points, and soon became quite a prig. He has since received a reward at the hands of the Empire State, for his devotion to other's pockets.

After a while Kate revisited Boston, and took up her residence in Friend street Place; step by step she descen-

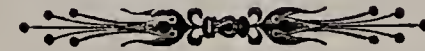
ded from the highest round of the ladder of the courtesan's life, till she became a most noted and abandoned woman.

Kate had till this time found her vocation profitable; had been successful in picking up the flats and shaking them down; but business began to grow less brisk, and from administering to the depraved appetites of the lovers of the stolen joys of Venus, she directed her attention to providing them with tit-bits, whom she persuaded to leave a life of honor and virtue for that of vice and infamy. She always kept up an acquaintance with traders and their clerks, and whenever she had succeeded in obtaining a girl fresh from the country, she would take her in tow, and it soon would be spread around that Kate had a new clipper. She always went in for trade and if a man's purse was not deep, but he could bring articles of trade, silks, cloths, etc., he was always welcome. Did a girl wish to become a finished prostitute? in no school could she better learn the trade than with Kate. Deceit is her second nature, she glories in vice; views woman as made for intercourse with the opposite sex, and her charms as a mere article of traffic; man as but a thing to be fleeced. Money is her sole God, and to acquire it no vice is too repulsive for her to commit. Many a lad scarcely in his teens, has been led to filch from his mother's bureau some change she had laid there, and hurry to Kate's where, for the trifle, he received his first lesson in vice. Clerks in stores, just introduced to the vice of the city, have been often guilty of dishonesty, which has enriched her.

Some streaks of fortune have illumined her path through life, and some three or four years since, she had amassed sufficient means to enable her to open a boarding house for seamen in Ann street. This, however, she soon left, whether from ill-success, or

some other cause we know not, and returned, like a dog to its vomit, to her old trade. We might follow her to her several places of abode in this city, but this would be of no interest to our readers. We will, however, state that she has done the city some service at

South Boston. She is now keeping a house of ill-fame in the vicinity of Cross street, and one of the lowest in the city, endeavoring to make up for the loss of some five hundred dollars which a person who acted the lover towards her, eased her of.





MISS JENNY BARRETT.

MISS JENNY BARRETT.

Probably no woman who has passed such a brief portion of her existence among the haunts of courtezans, as has the subject of this sketch, is so well known as she. This is owing not to positive depravity or taste for low society, but to her possessing a peculiarly vivacious disposition, which strives to make all around her as merry as herself. Added to this she possesses an ear for music which enables her to catch with ease any air which she may chance to hear, a voice which is rather pleasing in its execution of them, and a taste for music, which, if cultivated, would render her a very good songstress. Music is a passport everywhere; it enlists the sympathies of every heart, and throws a charm around the being gifted with the talent, which is sure to fascinate and please. Very few of those who know ought of life in the sphere in which she moves, but has seen her, heard her carrol forth some simple lay, and having done so, remembers her with pleasure. Added to these, by no means small recommendations, Jenny, without being surperlatively handsome, will contend with most any one it has been our fortune to see, for the palm of beauty. She is not of that class which dazzles by its splendor, or demands reverence by its majestic, commanding proportion, but she is one of whom the beholder exclaims, "she is pretty," without being able by comparing her with any school to substantiate his assertion. She is ever neatly dressed, without descending into the,

gandy attire which some women delight to wear, and which stamps them as the property of any one who pays for their favors.

Jenny Barrett, (it will neither please our readers nor do ourselves good to reveal her real name) was born in the British Provinces in a town near Halifax. Her parents were of the middle class of citizens, and gave her a fair education. They probably intended she should have a better, and it is her fault doubtless, that she has not; for if report speaks truly, she was a much better hand at playing marbles in her youthful days, than at deciphering the problems in Arithmetic, or studying geography, or grammar. If her parents sent her of an errand, ten to one she strolled into the fields to pick a boquet of buttercups and honeysuckles; or having obtained the article for which she was sent, jumped upon some team, leaving the goods at the door of the shop to be stolen by the first passer by, to take a ride. After an absence of an hour, she would return for her things, find them gone, and return home to meet a father who stood ready to punish the romp for her derelictions from the path of duty. We mention this thus particularly because it shows that her disposition led her to play rather than industry, and procured her the displeasure of her parents and chastening from the hands of a father-in-law, which had something to do with her journey to the city of notions.

Two young mad-caps, one of whom



was Jenny, and neither of whom had attained the epoch in a girl's life which renders her so attractive to the men, "sweet sixteen," conceived the idea that they were oppressed at home, and having heard a great deal of Boston, concluded, after a great deal of deliberation upon their sufferings, and weighing well, as they thought, their future prospects, to bid adieu to their native land, the apron strings to which they had so long a time been tied, and seek an asylum here, from the griefs of childhood and the oppression of their parents and guardians. This was easily decided upon, as it was a matter of no great difficulty to obtain passage in one of the many vessels plying between that port and Boston; but the means—it was far more terrible to encounter the fierce glances of an angry sea-dog, as he found they were penniless, after feeding them at his table luxuriantly spread with salt-horse and mouldy bread, during their long and tedious passage his slow-heeled craft made.

Jenny was decided; she could procure the amount necessary to defray her expenses, easily. Her elder sister worked at tailoring or dress-making, and had saved from the earnings of her needle, a small sum of money it is true, but to her a fortune. Out of this pile Jenny proposed to extract just enough to subserve her wishes, and quieted the monitor of right, by promising to refund when able. The other conspirator employed similar means to raise the tin, but just as they were about to carry into effect the vagaries of their childish brains, Jenny's companion resolved to tarry behind. More calculating than Jenny, she foresaw the difficulties attendant upon being cast among strangers with not a cent to help oneself, and furthermore she could not leave her home.

Jenny, however, would not listen

to her representations or persuasions, and determined to proceed on her way. They were already on the pier, and the little craft which was to convey them far away from home and all its pleasures, had spread her whitened sails and careened to the breeze, impatient to be discharged from the bonds which held her to shore.

"All aboard," shouted the skipper, and Jenny released herself from her playmate's grasp and jumped with a light step, and still lighter heart upon the deck. The bow fast was cast off, she swung off from the wharf, a beautiful breeze filled the sails, the craft careered at first under its pressure, as if to kiss the element through which she was to plough, then nimbly bounded away like a proud horse, with the little truant.

Everything was bustle and confusion on board and Jenny, after watching the retreating mass of buildings till night set in, went to her berth. Night passed and the sun once more rose, and Jenny sought the deck.

As she gazed upon "old ocean's grey and melancholy waste," so different a scene met her eyes than that on which she had been accustomed to look, that her reflections were awakened and she, for the first time, realized the importance of the step she had taken. She had run away from home, had wounded a sister's confiding heart, and left a mother to mourn over her absence; more than this what was to become of her? When landed in the great city to which with the aid of propitious Heaven she was hurrying, where should she turn for a home, where look for a friend? She turned away from the picture as though some horrid monster menaced her; but when she realized that the monster which had so terrified her, was her own folly and wilfulness, she turned from the deck, sought her berth, and

gave vent to her sorrow in a flood of tears.

Night and morning came and passed, till after a voyage of eight days, the vessel hove in sight of the city to which she was bound just as the sun's departing rays gilded the domes and spires. The next day the vessel hauled in to the wharf and Jenny prepared to leave, which was no hard matter, as she carried upon her back her entire wardrobe, consisting of a black velvetine dress and a common straw hat.

Wandering about the streets in search of where to lay her head, she fell in with a bevy of girls emerging from an intelligence office, and in she went to ascertain what good, fortune had reserved for her.

She finally went to Lexington to live in a family, and passed a year in peace and health. But she had embraced this opportunity not because she desired to live in the country, for her predilections were all in favor of city life with its noisy hum of industry and crowded thoroughfares; but for the reason that she had no home to go to, and was glad to get an asylum anywhere till she had replenished her wardrobe. Visiting the city one day, she found a vacant place at the Franklin House to tend table and immediately embraced the opportunity of changing her quarters.

The ruddy glow of health which spread itself over her cheeks, her

"Eyes like the starlight of the soft midnight,
So darkly beautiful, so deeply bright."

and her laughing lips attracted the attention of the boarders, and many a youthful heart sighed to possess her, and many a lecherous old man sought to convert her to himself to soften the twilight of his life.

From here she went to the National House, then under the management of Mr. Turbbs. She had at this time worn off a considerable of the provin-

cial rust which had heretofore clung to her, and did not hesitate to pass a joke with the boarders who sought her acquaintance. Every one endeavored to get 'Cranberry' to wait upon them, that being a nick-name given her on account of the deep red hue upon her cheeks. She also at this time began to mix in the class of society to which she belonged; attended balls, concerts, theatres and all the amusements of the day. Here too, she was exposed to the arts of the libertine and seducer, but the time was not arrived when the jewel of her virtue should be plucked from its throne. Subsequently to this, she lived at Mrs. Winter's in Sudbury street, and we believe it was while at her house that she became acquainted with a young man by the name of Johnson, whose melancholy death is remembered with regret by many friends. Jenny fancied him, and of course he could not be insensible to her charms. She went round with him a great deal, and as his circle of acquaintance was large, she gained a great many friends, and became the subject of much remark. We have already spoken of the mirthful cast of her mind; she had a word for all, a joke for all; and as is always the case, by her frankness, perhaps rudeness, was suspected by many of being worse than she really was. Finally it was whispered around that she was not chaste; that her favors could be purchased, and these ungenerous whispers one day reached her ears in a thousand forms. She might have repelled them; might have passed them by as wholly unworthy of her; but she reasoned differently, thought it hard that she should be considered vicious, when she felt innocent of the charge, and determined that she would no longer suffer the imputation without giving some cause for it, or at least tasting of the sweets in which she was charged with revelling. As usual, her lover sought her society

that night, and the strange freak came into her head that she would pass the night with him. As he arose to depart, she threw her arms around his neck and asked him if he would not "stay with her that night."

The young man was astonished at her request and her manner of delivering it, and looked at her with a countenance which was the index of his heart.

"Well, I don't care," exclaimed Jenny, "they say I'm one of 'em and I don't mean to have the name without the game."

"Do you mean it?"

"If you don't do it, it will make no difference, I'm determined to be one of 'em."

What did he do, every one asks. What did he do? What would any one of our readers do under the same circumstances? or rather what would ninety nine out of every hundred do, for we have not so poor an opinion of human nature, bad as it is, to believe that one man might not be found who would not refuse such an offer, and counsel a better course of action—that of living down such aspersions, rather than giving reasons for their being made.

When Jenny arose the next morning from her bed, she was indeed poor, for she had lost all which made her charms of any value. It was the tide in her affairs, which having been taken at the flood, lead to misfortune. Her lover died, and beset by offers to do wrong and live in a sea of pleasure for a brief space, she yielded to one, till he surfeited with her charms, then to another who promised to legalize their folly after a time, till she no longer dreaded a life of ease. Still she was not lost, and had some kind friend taken her under his protection, she might yet have become an honor to her sex.

About this time Jenny attendd a bal, where she made the acquaint-

ance of a girl, well known among the fancy. Or rather, the girl made her acquaintance. She had heard of Jenny B., had seen her, thought she would prove a good companion, and moreover prove a card to the house, over which she was the presiding deity. She dropped a glove near the feet of her victim, and she picked it up and returned it to its owner. Thanks were given for the act of kindness, and seeing her in such a place, Jenny did not suspect her real character. When the ball broke up the nymph invited her prize, to her house to pass the remainder of the night. The latter thought she was a nice woman, so kind, so agreeable, and accepted the invitation; indeed she could not well refuse.

Jenny visited the house frequently, and finally having left her boarding place, she moved into the house to make it her home for a few days. She did not however mingle with its visitors.

This did not suit the ideas of the landlady, and she began to insinuate that she must do as the other boarders did, and make money for her board, or leave. To the former proposition Jenny demurred, and the landlady flew into a passion, and asked her how in hell she expected to live, applying some very severe epithets to her. Jenny left the house; the lady was too passionate, and instead of being successful in gaining her to her wishes, lost the pretty bird, who otherwise would have laid golden eggs for her. But if this haridan was unsuccessful, others were not, and after a few days, Jenny became the bright particular star of Mrs. French's seminary for young ladies.

At the time the Model Artiste exhibitions were given at the Adelphi, Jenny engaged herself as one of the troupe, and her pretty limbs and form encased in tights, revolved on a pedes-

tal, to the infinite satisfaction of old men and young who delight in viewing the human form divine. And a mighty fine model Jenny made of it, and the way the bloods lost their hearts and their dimes was a perfect caution to high livers.

Jenny has passed some part of her time at Kate Hastings, *maison de joie* in New York, and had as good success in her amours with the fast men

of that city as with Boston's fancy.— This trip was occasioned by the presence in that place of a young man who had kept her. After a brief sojourn in that city Jenny came back, and has since, with the exception of a few weeks spent on a passage to and from Halifax, to visit her parents. To her credit be it spoken that she refunded to her sister the funds taken from her when she left home.



HELEN GURNEY, *alias* LITTLE HEL.

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HELEN GURNEY, alias LITTLE HEL.

HELEN GURNEY, *alias* Little Hel, was born in a town a short distance from Bangor, in the State of Maine, and her real name is, we believe, Ellen Hodge. What freak of fortune induced her to shed her lustre upon the denizens of our good city, we are unable to say, but it is all sufficient for our purposes to know that she came here. Few girls, at the time of her debut in the city, could successfully contend with her for the palm of beauty. Her figure, though petite, was graceful and well moulded, her bust was pleasingly voluptuous, her features regular and expressive of a sweet disposition. In fine, she was a pretty, healthy and pleasant girl.

On her arrival here, she procured employment in a cap store in Hanover street, and thought as little of entering upon the life she now leads as those who first saw her. Sometimes, however, those who seem the farthest removed from the contaminating influence of vice, are the most easily led into its paths. This was the case with Ellen: and before she had been long in Boston, she had passed from a life of innocence into one more wise, but at the same time more guilty.—She is naturally of a cunning, artful disposition, and has exercised it to the ruin of quite a number of her own sex, as well as of the lords of creation. After she had tasted of the pleasures of vice, and found that she could support herself by catering to the passions of mankind, she relinquished the trade

she had commenced; but she did not openly enter upon a life of shame, and it was a long time ere the person with whom she boarded, knew that when she left the house in the morning with her carpet bag on her arm, under pretence of going to the shop, she wandered in quest of adventures of an amative character, and sought the society of the *roues* of the city. Such, however, was her custom, and in this way did she obtain the name of 'Carpet Bag Ellen,' from the b'hoys to whom she explained her object in lugging the article upon her arm.

At first she frequented the society of the small-fry libertines, barely obtaining the means whereby to live, but she soon made the acquaintance of a merchant, who took her into keeping.—The manner of her introduction to him was a singular one, and is as follows:—Among the boys with whom she used to mix, was the clerk of a wholesale dry-goods store in Kilby street. As he did not possess sufficient means to enable him to carry on his intrigues in any of the houses of assignation in our midst, the loving pair, who even ventured to talk of matrimony, were in the habit of passing a night once in a while, or as often as she could persuade the persons with whom she resided that her absence was occasioned by a desire to attend a ball, in the said clerk's place of business. As he had the keys to the store, it was an easy matter to slip in, after all was still, and there were plenty of chairs in which they could

sit around a table, play a game of whist, and partake of some little delicacies he had managed to secrete during the day, to answer the purposes of the night. Early in the morning they would leave the scene of their tete-a-tete for their homes, so that the suspicion of her friends would not be aroused. One evening one of the watchmen on that beat, who had eluded their optics, saw them enter the store, and mistrusting that their intentions were of a dishonest character, he sent to the boarding house where one of the partners resided, and informed him of the circumstance, while he kept watch to see that they did not leave till he arrived. The merchant arrived at the store, just as the pair were enjoying themselves, all unconscious of the game which was playing outside. Soon however they were startled by the sound of a loud knocking at the door. Little Hel secreted herself among some boxes and bales which had been piled upon each other in such a manner as to afford quite an apartment within, while to the observer it appeared to be a solid phalanx of goods.

The young clerk, confident that he could escape detection, went with a bold face to the door and opened it. To the enquiry "what are you doing here at this time of night," he replied that he had borrowed a book and came down to read it.

"But could you not read it alone? why bring a girl to aid you?"

"There is no girl here; I am all alone as you will see," replied the lad with the effrontery of more mature age.

Search was made, but to no purpose, and the party were about leaving the store, the watchman coming to the conclusion that there was no believing one's eyes, and the keeper of the store, that Charlie must have been asleep and dreaming when the clerk aroused him. They had locked

the door and taken the key with them during their search, and when the fair prisoner heard the key placed in the lock and that lock spring back, when she heard a step upon the sidewalk, and the shutting too of the door, she imagined that the intruders had left, when in reality, only the watchman had gone and the merchant remained to give the young man, who happened to be a relative of his, a lecture upon opening the store and burning a light therein, thereby endangering the safety of the store. Acting upon the supposition that she was alone with her duck, she obtruded her head from her hiding place, and exclaimed "you didn't come it after all did you." Just as she had uttered the last word, she managed to draw her body from the prison, and met the gaze of the merchant, who was astonished at the apparition. The clerk would have given anything he possessed to have the floor cave through and launch him into a state of non-come-at-ibility; Ellen screamed, fainted, and fell upon the floor. This act in the drama saved the clerk a severe castigation, and her from a resting place in the watch house.

The merchant sprang to her assistance, caught her in his arms and called for water.

What a predicament! where is the man who could gaze upon her face and form, knowing that her virtue was not impregnable, without having his passions aroused? He could not at all events, and he resolved to possess that flower, and instead of feeling angry with the clerk, he could have thanked him for thus placing in his power, as it were, the fair delinquent. However he must show resentment, and when she revived, he expostulated with him upon his precocious libertinage, and threatened her with a years' life at the house of reformation.

He added "it will not be proper for me to leave you, and I will therefore, accompany this your lady to some place where she will be debarred from leading a life of shame; you can leave."

Glad to get off in this manner, the young man left, though he could not help feeling for his partner, who was threatened with exposure.

When the clerk had retired, the tone of the merchant was different; he enquired her name, her history, her occupation, and, shall we say it, he fell a willing victim to her charms. He was liberal with her; she left her boarding place for one which he furnished her, and thanks to his plentiful supplies of wearing apparel, she could hardly be recognized as the Little Hel, the carpet bag girl. She was not content with her lot, however, and would mingle among her old acquaintances, and visit her old haunts. She finally left the keeping of the merchant, the immediate cause of which was the discovery made by him that she was in the habit of receiving the visits of the clerk. He now occupied a paying situation in the store which enabled him to possess her favors. The merchant would gladly have turned him away, but dare not, fearing an exposure of his intrigue with her, which would not have obtained an increase of favor from his wife.

After a while she was married; but her fickle mind would not suffer her to be content with a matrimonial life, and she left her husband and took up her residence in a crib kept by Liz Willard, in Endicott street, where she led a life of prostitution. Here she was visited by an old farmer, who was acquainted with her parents, and who fell a victim to her seductions, and carried back with him the germ of a delicate disorder, which nearly caused a separation in his family. This also accounted for the loss of a sum of money of which he protested he had

been robbed. As fate would have it, the two sons of this old man also fell a victim to her charms, while, on a visit to her family, she stopped at a hotel in the town where they resided. Country people are always on the look out for anything which savors of fancy, and when such a bird strays from its nest to their diggings, every lover in the village, does all in his power to make her acquaintance. Some girls when near their place of nativity, assume a virtue though they have it not; but little Hel never refused favors when offered, and accompanied by the needful; and she returned to Boston after her visit with much more money in her purse than she took from it, thus making the balance of trade in its favor.

About this time she became acquainted with Victor Piquet, who performed on the slack rope in a circus which visited Boston, and she left her husband, to whom she had returned, and became his mistress. When the company left Boston, she followed him, and passed as his wife. He soon grew sick of her, and she grew sick of him—each in a different way, however—and Hel returned to Boston. The life of the wanton once more disgusted her, and she returned again to her husband.

Her stay with him was short, and she was soon in the haunts of vice, where she has since resided. Once in a while she takes a freak into her head to visit her husband, and last summer she became incensed at him because he would not allow her children to live with her. She visited him at the place where he was tending bar, and caused some annoyance.—Finding however that she could accomplish nothing, she returned to the city. She boarded at that time with Mrs. Grindle, in Second street Place, and was said to be kept by an elderly gentleman, who lived in her smiles and thought her all that is lovely in

woman. He was prodigal of his favors to her, in the shape of money, and she was not less prodigal of her favors towards a young man who cut quite a swell on the old fool's bounty.

Her life has been one of monotony; subject to no changes save those which fill the life of other courtezans of her stamp. She is now about twenty-nine years of age, and though she yet retains the general expression of countenance which the accompanying portrait presents, she looks much more care-worn, the effects of a life of pleasure (?) she has had since the original was taken. There is also a stare about her eyes which the picture has not.

She now resides at the south part

of the city, and is, we understand, kept by a man in middling circumstances.

She presents the melancholy spectacle of a woman who might have been blessed with happiness in return; but who, from a desire to gratify a morbid sensuality, has fore-sworn all the real pleasures of life, and has suffered and is still suffering the consequences. And yet what has passed is nothing in all probability to what is to come; age is creeping on her apace and the friends who have revelled in her charms, must one by one drop away, and leave her a neglected withered rose.



SUSAN CUMMINGS, ALIAS HANNAH YOUNG.

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SUSAN CUMMINGS, alias HANNAH YOUNG.

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The portrait on our first page is an admirable likeness, drawn from a daguerreotype in the possession of a friend, who also has favored us with a few incidents of her life.

She was born among the granite hills of New Hampshire; and was, as every only child always is, the pride of her parents, and a perfect prodigy. Her younger days were passed in the pleasures and pastimes of a country life, and she never nearly died of ennui, as our city belles do day by day.

The bloom of health was on her cheek, and her merry laugh rang in the ears of all who heard it; the aged sighed as they gazed upon her and caught the merry twinkle of her eye, which carried them back to the days of their childhood, when they attended the village school, and with the ounce of learning they obtained, got also many a pound of birch; children grew livelier in her company, and many a youth looked with longing eyes upon her, as he pictured a home of his own where peace plenty and happiness should hold dominion, guided by her hand. Reflecting men who had trodden the rough path of life, and had seen and felt the consequences entailed upon vice, looked upon her, and asked themselves whether it were possible for her to experience such sorrows. True she had her crosses, her moments of sorrow, but

The tear down childhood's cheeks that flows,
Is like the dew drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And warms the bush, the flower is dry.

And thus it was with her; sullen thoughts and sorrow with her, were like the clouds which for a moment overhang the summer sky, then pass away, leaving it clear and beautiful as ever. When she grew to that interesting moment of girlhood when the bud begins to blossom, she was the belle of the village, and her list of admirers numbered all the youth of the village. But on one alone did she lavish her smiles; and, as is too frequently the case, they were shed upon the one the most unworthy of them. He seduced her, and after a few short months a little stranger appeared in the village, the fruit of their illicit love. Her parents, whose only joy was to see their daughter walking in the paths of virtue, an honor to her sex, felt that the edifice they had reared after so many years of toilsome watching, was now worth nothing; and instead of endeavoring to reclaim an erring daughter, ruined by a villain, drove her from her door.

She was offered a passage to Boston, and accepted it, as the best resource left her. Arriving at Newburyport, the young man whom she had accompanied registered his name on the books of a hotel as Mr. — and lady. A few hours after, his father, who had been on a matter of business to Boston, and who was returning home, concluded to stop in Newburyport, and transcribed his name on the same book and took lodgings for the night. Without any apparent reason, he scanned the

page and to his astonishment beheld a name exactly corresponding with that of his son above his; but the owner of the cognomen had a lady. He looked at the place of his residence and there too the fact stared him in the face, that its owner was from the same town. It must be he, and yet what can have induced him to stray from home? Who has he got with him passing as his lady? It was too late, and he did not feel sufficient confidence in his surmise to investigate the subject, and concluded to leave all till morning, when he should undoubtedly be enabled to ascertain the truth without difficulty. The old gentleman went to bed, not however until he had slipped a little change into the hand of the servant who conducted him to his room, requesting him at the same time to call him, when a couple who occupied a room near by should have set down to breakfast.

Thanks to a certain mixture of which the old gentleman had partaken in honor of his absence from home, and as a compliment to the binding force of temperance pledges under such circumstances, he slept soundly; and when, in obedience to his request made the evening previous, the servant rapped on his door as a signal that the happy couple were discussing the merits of a beef-steak and coffee, he was in a sound sleep. Nevertheless he awoke, and tumbling out of bed, dressed himself in time to surprise the youthful libertine at table. They blushed and turned pale by turns; but the father raved and stormed, and finally took the wild young man by the collar and chastised him before the boarders, while Suke, terrified at the discovery thus unexpectedly made, fainted at the shock her modesty underwent, for all now smelt the mice.

Susan left the room during the melee, and took the first train of cars for Boston. The young man

promised to behave himself in future, and took a seat in the cars by the side of his "dad," homeward bound.

But just as they were on the point of starting, he rushed out and bade his anxious father good bye, with his thumb on the end of his nose, his fingers gracefully moving to the tune of "you're pretty good looking, but you can't come in." He had left home for the purpose of making his fortune "on the briny deep," and he had not the remotest idea of being cheated out of his fun.

Arrived in Boston, Susan was introduced by a cab-driver, to the mansion of Mrs. Blood, rear of 57 Friend street. She remained here until she became diseased, and learned to her sorrow that the "wages of sin are death." She was obliged to claim admittance to the city hospital in South Boston where she passed six months of his life. Here she had ample opportunity for reflecting on the course of life she had chosen, and many were the bitter moments she passed. Could the hundreds of young girls who come from our manufacturing towns, and from the eastward, with large notions of the profits accruing from, and the pleasures attendant on the life of a courtesan, but know the real truth, but see the sorrows and miseries of such a life, before they learn it of the stern master Experience, how few of them would ever step one foot over the threshold of a house of prostitution. As it is, only the bright side of the picture presents itself. They look upon the fine dresses which usually deck the person of the courtesan; the jewelry which dangles from her ears, and displays itself upon her fingers; the rides, the balls, the apparent life of ease she leads; but the shadows of the picture do not meet her gaze. She regards not the pallid cheek, the lustreless eye and hollow, wasted form which denotes the ravages of a loathsome disease which few, aye, not one in a

thousand escape; the insults to which she is subject; and last but most terrible of all, the remorse which gnaws at her heart, destroying her peace of mind. Many an hour does the courtesan pass in fruitless regrets, the more bitter because they are fruitless; she sees herself shut out from the path of virtue by a monster of her own creation, which guards the entrance to that path with more than the hideous vigilance of the ancient Cerberos. Society has willed it thus, wrong as it is, and instead of helping the unfortunate in her combats with the monsters, rather strives, with all its power, to aid them in their endeavors to drive him to perdition.

The tidings of her disgrace have reached her father's humble roof, and she dreads to meet his frown and face a mother's tears which would flow afresh at the sight of what she once was proud to call her daughter. She cannot go into a respectable family, for some one would be sure to expose her irregularities, and to return to the place she left for the city, would be preposterous. Thus she is doomed to a life of shame, the future of which, by dire necessity, must be more repulsive than the past; she is forced to embrace the hideous monster, and live on till death shall please to take her to a better world.

Thus when the subject of this sketch left the hospital, instead of meeting with a kind friend who could take her by the hand and lead her in a new path, she was forced to seek her old haunts, and recommence her old business with Mrs. Blood, who had changed her quarters to Harrison place. Here she stopped two or three months, and finally left to board with Clara Bridgeman in Minot street, corner of Andover. While here the police visited the house, as was their custom at that time, without saying by your leave, or stopping to ring the

bell. Susan was sleeping very quietly in the arms of a paramour, when they entered her room, and compelled the guilty couple to follow them. William Brown was arraigned with the young lady, to plead to a charge of fornication. They plead guilty, and were sentenced to pay a fine of twenty dollars each, and costs.

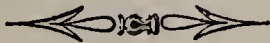
Shortly after this affair, a dry goods dealer on Hanover street became enamored of her charms, and as her lover who was living with her, had no particular objections to her accumulating all the money she could, she made the most desperate love to him. For some months, the fool kept her, and her lover in fine style, and the accommodating young man, also shewed the merchant the elephant among the gambling saloons of the city. "All flesh is grass," says the good book, and this is the only thing which can account for the verdancy of this man of tapes and pins. One fine morning he came to her with tears as big as hens' eggs issuing from his eyes and trickling down his cheeks, and informed her of his failure, and pennyless condition, and asked her if she would not follow him, and live in some more secluded spot, upon the proceeds of his daily labor. She was sorry to say—we take her own words for it—that she always had a mortal enmity to live in a cottage, with its accompaniments of darning stockings and cooking potatoes, and could not accommodate him. Besides she had not much sympathy for a man who was not smart enough to keep a woman from shaking him down as she had him. This opened the eyes of the man to the bitter, state of affairs, and he sloped.

The next note of any account in her life is that of a muss she got into in consequence of making too free with a married man. She had for some few weeks been much in his society, and a person whose company

she refused to keep, stung by her rejection, watched them and ascertained that they were in the habit of passing one night of the week at a hotel in one of the neighboring towns. Of this fact he informed the recreant husband's better half, who, already had heard some queer reports concerning the couple. She determine to ferret out the truth of the matter, and if needs be, to punish the vixen who had presumed to deprive her of his attentions. Accordingly when on the usual day he informed her that business called him out of town, she said nothing but thought the more; and as the clock struck nine she stepped a pair of tiny feet, to which a gentleman's boot fitted rather slouchingly, into a carriage, and after an hour's ride a gentleman requested to see the visitor who put up in room, No. 24. "It's all right," said he, "he told me to call here for him, and if he was in the room to go up." This was said with such a convincing air, that the servant did not hesitate, to show the gentleman up, and declared when she rejoined her fellow servants that she never saw such a handsome man in her life. The gentleman could not wait to be admitted, but

burst the door, and stood in the room where two heads betraying the most violent symptoms of fear, appeared outside the bed-clothes. Presently the gentleman was displaying the most exciting specimens of ground and lofty tumbling imaginable, on the carpet, which exhibition was followed by an unmerciful flagellation inflicted upon the doomed person of poor Suke, who, by this time had ascertained that she stood in the presence of her paramour's wife. Finally she lugged the truant lord home, amid the cheers of a crowd, who enjoyed the exploit of the amazon greatly.

The frail fair one left her boarding place, fearing a recurrence of so dire a catastrophe as had befallen her, and cribbed on Harrison Avenue once more. She remained here for some time, but at last concluded to spread herself in Broadway to the gaze of the Gothamites, which she has done to no little profit. She was at our last accounts one of New York's most dashing courtezans, and we have no reason for believing that her residence there has been less fraught with difficulties, or less checked with sorrow than here.



CLARA RICHARDSON.

CLARA RICHARDSON.

The subject of this sketch was born in Washington, Maine, where the first twelve years of her life were passed. At this time, the Lowell fever raged in all its violence, and she became infected, and left her native place for a life among the cotton bags and vices, the looms and gaieties of the Manchester of America. Fate however, frustrated her intentions, and instead of entering upon a factory life, she went to work in a family as a servant girl. She was surrounded by beaux who thought her size to be a criterion for her age, and judging accordingly, they imagined her to be just budding into womanhood, and a fit subject for their attentions.

Her brother who resided in her native town, feared that the temptations which present themselves on every side to entrap the young, would prove too strong for a girl whose knowledge of the world was of that useless kind picked up in a country town, where childhood is more respected, and virtue held at a higher price than in the city. He therefore wrote to a sister who was then residing in Waltham, acquainting her of the advent of Clara on the stage of life, and requesting her influence to prevent her ruin, by endeavoring to persuade her to take up her residence with her. This was accomplished, and Clara went to work in the mill at Waltham.

Leaving this place, she obtained another with a person against whom her brother-in-law, held a deadly hatred, and she was informed by him,

that if she went in his employ, she could no longer remain in his house. She did work for him, and the consequence was that she was obliged to leave her sister's house. From here she went to Cambridgeport to reside with a sister who lived there. She had arrived at the age of fourteen when she went to learn the cigar trade. At this place she became acquainted with the son of her employer, quite a good looking fellow, who was clerk in a store in Boston.

He marked her for a victim to his lust, and finally accomplished her seduction. Clara was rather giddy as many a girl of her age is, but had her relations exercised a little more kind persuasion instead of upbraiding her with rudeness, for the indiscretions of inexperienced youth might have been cultivated into an vivacious amiability of temper which would have pleased and fascinated all who came in contact with her.

Mistrustful of her, her sister began to exercise an unwholesome and irksome restraint upon her conduct, which caused her to leave her and take up board with a Mrs. Bangs, about whom the gossips of the town as they met, had spun many a fragile net, which had been increasing with every meeting, until it had assumed so formidable an appearance, that she began to be despised and shunned and, found it practicable to migrate to the city, where people pay less attention to the affairs of their neighbors.

Clara left with her, and did her house-work in payment for her board. Her seducer deserted her, and a married man, a resident of Cambridgeport, who had seen her on her walk to and from the shop, ascertained her whereabouts, and stole away from the society of his wife and family to pass his evenings with her.

As is too often the case, her seducer, not content with having initiated her in the guilty pleasures of a wanton's life, was the first to spread the tidings of her shame, and informed her sister of her frailty. She visited Clara to ascertain upon what foundation the stories were based, and listened to the latter's denial, who was prevailed upon to leave her boarding place and reside with her. She obtained a situation at Lawson and Harrington's upholstery establishment, and became steady. Leaving this situation, she obtained one with Bullock, a cigar manufacturer in State street, where she worked steadily all summer. She seemed to have seen the folly of a lewd course of life, and the spark of morality had already been fanned into a light blaze. Had the fire been fostered with care, as it should have been, we should not have been led to write her name among the courtezans of the day. But her sister did not realize the fragile nature of the fire, and one rude blast quenched its flame, but did not extinguish the spark.

One of those sisterly quarrels which sometimes mar their peace, but for a moment, arose, and Clara was reminded uncharitably of her follies. This was the cause of her leaving home and taking up board with an old lady on Pleasant street. Here she was introduced to a young and very worthy mechanic, who was totally ignorant of her previous mode of life, and who became enamored of her. He went to church with her, and became her attendant in her walks, and companion on her evenings at home. His in-

tentions were of the most honorable character, and he even carried her to Providence on a visit to his family.

Never had a girl in the humble walks of life, a more promising prospect than she at this time possessed, and to her sister, who resided in Cambridgeport, may be attached the blame, in a measure, of her present situation.

She one day conceived the idea of visiting her sister, and accordingly took up her line of march for her residence. Arrived there, she rang the bell, which summons was answered by her sister, who, soon as she discovered Clara at the door, slammed it in her face, and left her to retrace her footsteps. She however was determined to effect a reconciliation, if such a thing were possible, and called to the door another female, to whom she stated her desire to confer with her sister, and requested her to use her influence to obtain for her an interview. The sister granted it, but broke out in a fury of passion, called her a dirty trollop and a prostitute, and forbade her visiting the house.

This put the finishing stroke to the extinguishment of her morality and good resolutions, and finding no encouragement to lead a life of virtue, she determined at once to launch into the whirlpool of vice, cause a brief sensation among its votaries, and die the death of a wanton; thinking by such a course, to awaken remorse in the breasts of those who, by their unkindness had driven her to the unwelcome life.

We would not have that sister's pain when she reflects on Clara's present position in society, feeling as she must, that she could have turned the scale in favor of her leading a life of virtue, had she spoken kind words of encouragement to her.

The young man who expected to marry her, ascertained the fact of her rejection from the house of her sister,

and thinking there must be some cause, however feeble for it, and curiosity at once prompted him to discover what that cause was. He ascertained the truth, but thinking that to inexperience alone was he fall due, he still continued his attentions to her, and promised to be the same to her he had been ere the discovery.

She, however refused to accept his kind offer, thinking that after the honey-moon had passed, and the course of love began to grow ruffled and jagged, she should be compelled to listen to the insults of a husband, which would be more bitter than those of her sister had been.

Having concluded not to run her neck into the matrimonial noose, Clara Richardson went to board with Moll Hannaford, *alias* Mary Harris, *alias* Dolbear. Miss H. did not keep ladies of easy virtue in her house, but let her rooms to transient callers: Clara was not at that time known as a fast woman, and she concluded to board her a while, knowing that she would prove a sweet morsel wherewith to tickle the passions and open the purses of several of her male acquaintances. Clara stopped here till spring when she once more renewed her endeavors to lead a less reproachful life. She procured employment in Sweetzer's cigar manufactory in Chelsea, and procured board in a respectable family. Everything promised fair for her restoration; she was steady, was beloved by all her shop mates, and would have remained so, had not the evil genius which had followed her and blasted every hope, again appeared in the person of a brother-in-law named Ramsey.

Having business with Sweetzer, he entered the room where the unfortunate victim was at work, and espied her; then, calling the former out of the room he informed him that she was a bad girl, a relative of his, and

that he would bring disgrace upon himself by employing her.

Instead of regarding the matter as a christian or a philanthropist would have done; instead of asking whether the girl did or did not *now* behave herself; and if the affirmative, whether it was not his duty to encourage her in well doing, he concluded at once that he could have no person in his employ against whose character a suspicion could be raised, and determined to discharge her.— Who will dare say that in so doing, Mr. S. performed his duty? Is there one who will not agree with us in condemning him for the part he acted? He might, by kind words, and by keeping her employed, have saved her from the ruin which menaced her, and would have felt much better pleased than he now does, when he reflects that he was the cause of hurrying her into shame.

Sweetzer, however, did not have the pleasure of discharging her. A man who worked in the same shop, ascertained that as soon as she had finished making a lot of cigars, she was to receive permission to leave, and thinking it would be much more congenial to her feelings to demand a settlement and leave, than to be discharged, he informed her of Sweetzer's purpose, and on the next morning, leaving her cigars unfinished, she demanded her wages and left.

With Clara Bridgegan who at that time kept a house of ill-fame on the corner of Andover and Minot streets, she took up her residence. This was the first public house of the kind she ever lived in, and she proved quite a card. She remained here but a short time, when she procured a private boarding house. One night, meeting with a gentleman, she remained out longer than she thought proper, and was hesitating whether to go home or to pass the night somewhere else, when she attracted the attention of

Dr. Hunter who practised in the venereal line at that time. He kindly offered to attend to her wants, but was prevented at that time from exercising his generosity by the young man who provided her with lodgings for the night. Dr. H. managed however to appoint an interview the next day at his office, where he introduced the subject of young ladies being kept, expatiated on the pleasure of such alliances, and finally promised to introduce her to William —, a resident of one of our neighboring towns, doing business in Boston.— Billy, old Bill, as Clara facetiously called him when he became her keeper, had made the acquaintance of the Dr. in consequence of certain "stern necessities" imposed upon him by his free and easy life, with a young lady of extremely easy virtue, and as he could not think of giving up such a mode of life, so fraught with pleasure, he requested the aid of his medical adviser in finding some tiny bud of beauty which would not hesitate to unfold its petals for his accommodation.

The day was appointed when the lecher and Clara were to meet, and he was there just as the minute hand pointed to the hour. Billy was not a ladies' man; the hand of time had ploughed many a rough, deep furrow in his face, and the frosts of several winters, or his early piety, had somewhat bleached a good crop of dark hair; but his purse was long, and this was a recommendation. If Clara was not much pleased with his personal attractions, he was enamored

of her, and took her under his *protection*, boarding her at the South end, with a very singular old lady. We say singular, for notwithstanding she allows her house to be used for assignations, she is nevertheless punctual at church, values her bible highly, and prays as loudly as any devout disciple of Christianity. Billy was a married man, and his visits were confined to two each week. After she had become duly installed as the mistress of this man, she called in one morning to see Dr. H—r; he thought as she was *settled*, through his instrumentality, she owed him gratitude, and requested the performance of an act, the propriety of which she imagined her keeper would question. However, her prudish notions were overcome, and Dr. H. enrolled himself on the list of her lovers.

Up to last November Clara was under the care of Billy —, who, at that time, finding that a young fellow known as Bill Shute was playing the lover, and spending his money on excursions to the country, suppers and other ways conducive to their happiness, left her, forgetting to take in his hurry a daguerreotype of his vinegar visage which he had given her, and which she still has suspended in a locket from her neck. Clara immediately left for New York, stopped at a hotel some two weeks for the purpose of obtaining employment, failed in so doing, and finally took up her abode with Mrs. Wetherbee, corner of Church and Chamber streets, where she still resides.



JANE LAMPHIER, THE "MYSTERIOUS GIRL"

JANE LAMPHIER, "THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL."

Jane Lamphier, more commonly known about town as the Mysterious Girl, is the daughter of a man by the same name, a native of Lyme, N. H., or of the adjoining town of Orford. He is well known by the people in those places, as a miserable sot, and many are the evidences of his "early piety" with which the residents will entertain the visiter, who feels sufficiently interested in the history of the family to inquire.

His ambition goes little further than to prompt him to indulge in intoxicating drinks, a state of drunkenness being, in all probability, the only state of supreme felicity he ever desires to know.

The mother is a crafty, designing woman, full of the gift of gab, and very shrewd withal. Sharp-sighted enough to see that mankind is fond of being humbugged, and that the thicker the cheat is laid on, the more palatable it becomes; aware that success always attends such operations, she set about contriving some means of obtaining a support for her family, in a more easy way than that which she had before been indebted to.

Her inventive genius concocted the idea of bringing her daughter Jane into requisition for the purpose. Fortune-telling was at once hit upon as the scheme which would successfully entrap the public. The old manner of telling fortunes, by card, was already worn threadbare and hackneyed, and the idea of a mysterious sight presented itself to her

mind, which should read in stones the weal or woe of those who desired to pry into futurity, and lift the veil which hides from view their destiny.

Boston was chosen as the spot where their humbugging system was to commence, and Jane was instructed in her business. Her parents represent her to have been only nine years of age when she made her debut in this city, but no one believes for a moment that she ever expected to pass the four first years of her teens after that time. If her statement was true, we have only to say that the chrysalis state was passed in an incredibly short space of time, and that the worm must have become the butterfly by the aid of supernatural power.

When a person visited the girl on her first arrival here, they were entertained by the old lady with a profound dissertation on the wonderful powers of her "darter," and how when a small girl she found the precious stones, and exhibited her natural talent for fortune telling. Thus she was enabled to work upon the feelings of the credulous visitors, and inspire them with such confidence in the girl's abilities, that many of them, after listening to her story, although they remembered not the occurrence of one incident she related, still believed she must be right. They were always born near to a wood, on a farm, if they had the appearance of being from the country; or in the vicinity of the sea, if they bore symptoms of Cape-Cod

dish-ness. If the visitor had the air of a metropolitan, she first saw light among a sea of houses.

She never pretended to particularise, and if requested so to do, spasms came on, and the mother begged the inquirer not to repeat the query. Everything was left in glorious uncertainty, and her statements could no more be contradicted than could the boy when he described the bird as being as big as a piece of chalk. When a point was stated with particularity, and its falsity was too apparent to escape notice, the Mysterious settled it peremptorily by declaring that she *knew*, she saw it in the stone, therefore it must be true: one must believe her before he did his "own damned eyes," as the man had it who was listening to the persuasions of his wife, who wished to convince him that he didn't see any thing, when he distinctly beheld her in an equivocal position in the hugging and kissing line with a youthful roue.

For a time funds came in rapidly, and the scheme proved likely to succeed beyond the mother's preconceived notions. Following close on the heels of prosperity, came an inordinate thirst for gain, and frequent potations of the wine-cup soon overcame all scruples as to how it was made. It soon became mooted about, and was talked of among the b'hoys, that there was not, after all, any mysteries about the so called Mysterious, which could not be pryed into with the aid of a golden lever. It was not unfrequently the case that, while a party were waiting in the parlor to avail themselves of her pre-

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 attention to revealing the unrevealed mysteries of the future, and to call from oblivion the transactions of the past, and listening to the twaddle of the old woman, whose history of her "darter" had been so oft repeated, that it rattled off her tongue at far greater speed than any locomotive could run, the girl was examining the stone for the benefit of some one whom she smiled upon to "bleed."

About this time the excitement began to wane and even the credulous saw through her flimsy pretensions. Money came in slowly, and intemperance grew rapidly upon the father. The former restricted his allowance of spending money, and the foolish girl received the outbursts of his anger in the most shocking, brutal treatment.

He has been complained of before the police court several times, his midnight sprees being considered a nuisance by the neighbors.

Nearly every part of the city has been honored with their presence. Some six months since she moved from Cambridge street to Sudbury, near Alden Lane, where the b'hoys played the devil, just as they pleased. She then went to Orange Lane, and from thence to the neighborhood of Church street.

Intemperance, the besetting sin of the family broke out with renewed vigor, and the father was sent to the House of Correction as a common drunkard.

Jane is still dashing round town with the b'hoys, seemingly unmindful of the truth of the doom which awaits the courtesan.



LOUISE CHENESY ALIAS PARKER.

LOUISE CHENESY alias PARKER.

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of St. John, N. B., some twenty two years since, which statement will knock all her claims to that so much-sought-after state of life, sweet sixteen, which she, as well as others of her class so industriously advocate.

Although by her parents Louisa was considered a remarkable child, which is not an unnatural feeling, she did not give promise of more talent than other of her associates, until she was fifteen years of age, and then she displayed an independence of disposition not to remain tied to her mother's apron-strings absolutely provoking and perplexing to her parents, and which resulted, spite of their endeavours to the contrary, in a journey to Lowell, where she resolved to live by her own exertions.

Young as she was, Louisa found no difficulty in engaging a place in the mill, and soon became "one of the operatives." No sooner does a young girl make her advent in the city of spindles, than the rous about town, both of the Mose and *haut ton* school, canvass her merits or demerits with as much coolness as a jockey points out the good qualities of a piece of horse flesh, and each of them seems to be striving with each other to ingratiate himself in her confidence first, that he may obtain the first nibble of that delicious fruit which lost poor Adams' soul, and which, indiscreetly tasted has since ruined more men than any other eatable, drinkable, or *feelable* thing known to mankind.

Those of us who have been watched over by kind parents until years of maturity have brought with them that experience and knowledge which guard our steps from falling, with all the vigilance of an Argus, cannot divine the feelings of a girl of tender years deprived of maternal care, and thrown among strangers. How does kind words spoken under such circumstances, cheer the soul and cause it to lean upon those who speak for further comfort and advice! And how well does the designing knave who already boasts of having seduced his fifties of innocent girls, understand the advantage which hypocritical words will give him over the home-sick stranger.

It may readily be inferred that Louisa was not long wanting for a "friend," who, pretending to have her happiness at heart, sought to rob her of the happiness which was laid up for her, as a reward of a virtuous life.

John —, a dashing young specimen of a store keeper on M— street, was the lucky person to acquire the honor which might attach to the seduction of a young girl who knew not the consequences of the step she was taking, when one night, the close of a pleasant summers' day, she met him on the bridge, as if by chance, and accepted an invitation to accompany him to Centreville, where she had almost agreed the dreadful sacrifice should be made which was at once the death knell of innocence, and the dawn of a life of misery and infamy.

It must be acknowledged that the young man was sensible of the value of the jewel entrusted to his care—at least much more so than some of the male gender, for he paid her liberally in calicoes and muslins, gloves, boots, and bonnets, also all that paraphernalia, the possession of which pleases the weaker part of creation so well.

Nor did the landlord find cause to complain of his liberality, as he swept from the bar to the drawer, the gold which was the price of virtue, he smiled and complimented him upon his fortune in plucking so fair a bud from among the garden of roses cross the river.

At a late hour at night the couple returned to the city, and Louisa seemed delighted with her adventure, and told the landlady with whom she boarded that she had been fortunate enough to meet with an old acquaintance of her mother's who had insisted upon her stopping at her house on her way back, and had been so kind as to send her home in charge of a very gentlemanly young man.

The finding this new acquaintance was a capital excuse for similar excursions, some of which were protracted until mornnig. Thus things went on for some three months, the longest period which John had ever worshipped at a woman's shrine, when of a sudden his visits became less and less frequent, and finally Louise ascertained that he went after a strange woman.

The truth burst in upon her in all its force, but instead of going off like the cork out of a cider bottle, she deliberately planned a bit of an entertainment, which was to be brought out for his special benefit.

One evening John started for Centerville with his new enamorata, and in about an hour after, Louise followed suit, accompanied by half a dozen of the bucks, to whom she had imputed her plans, and who were bound to see the fun, the more especially that

there was a rivalry between them, owing to the peculiar favor John found in the eyes of the girls.

Then again their sympathy was on the side of Louise, whom they regarded as still virtuous, thinking that John had left her because he found her determined not to acquiesce in his desires.

Arrived at the house where the guilty pair were enjoying themselves Louise started for the room, for by certain movements which she too well understood, the couple were just where she wanted them to be. Her partner assisted her so far as to open the door when all hands, doubtless attracted by the confusion rushed up stairs, and much to the discomfiture of the gallant presented themselves at the entrance to the room. The new victim of the seducer fainted to see her character so effectually ruined, while John, possessed of great assurance, contented himself with endeavouring to hide his companion, and invoking a rich revenge to fall upon the head of Louise. This was all he dare to do, for he well knew that the spectators were on her side.

The whole affair was regarded as a capital joke, but was hushed up, the gay young man paying the supper for the knowing ones.

Subsequently to this, John came to Boston and informed a person here of the merits of his former mistress, and expressed himself determined to punish her for impudence.

The man to whom he spoke was emphatically a man of the world, and after enquiring about her parentage, her relations and their residence, he laid them up in his memory for future use. He often visited Lowell, and on his next visst, which, we must say was somewhat hastened by the prospect of sport which was before him, he called upon Louise, introduced himself as her cousin, and was graciously received by the young girl, who was

delighted to hear from home. Question after question she propounded to him and never failed to receive a satisfactory answer to them. When he was doubtful as to the nature of the answer he should give, he never failed to inform her by proposing a series of interrogatories to her, when the light would all at once break in upon him, and he was all right once more. He continued to win her confidence, and requested her to take a trip to Nashua with him, which she consented to do.

Rather timid at first, the *quasi* cousin found her, but, upon assuring her that he never would divulge the transaction, she consented to pass the night with him at Nashua, and did so. The couple returned on the next day, Louise to go to her boarding house, and the Boston merchant to do his business there. At dusk he again visited the victim to credulity, but what was his surprise to find her crying, and on her rising to meet him, to see her angry glances.

But the mystery was soon explained—in her hands she held a letter that afternoon received, which informed her of the sickness of the real cousin; that she had been duped. More than all this, the landlady had seen the letter, and thought the girl had been deceiving her, and after giving her a lecture upon staying

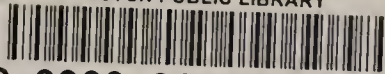
out all night with gentlemen in conclusion, advised her to obtain a new boarding place. This was, to say the least a very unfortunate termination to a pleasant visit to Lowell, and the Bostonian excused himself, promising to aid her, by settling the difficulty with the landlady, which, we will do him the justice to say, he did. Money will cover a multitude of sins.

Soon after this, she became tired of factory life and came to Boston to realise the falsity of the pictures of luxury and prosperity which had been painted to her, as resulting from an irregular life in that city.

She found a resting place at Sal Cobbs, who at that time kept in Charlestown street, where she plunged into all manner of excesses. We next find her at No. 7 Endicott street with Ellen Wilson, which she soon left, in consequence of a difficulty with a sister in vice, and again sought refuge with Sal Cobb, in Lancaster st. Her pugnacious disposition again broke out in about four months, and she became the star of Mad. Augusta Caroline Lecompte, alias Kate Alley's maison be joie in Cross street, where she remained until Kate suspended operation. She is now promoted to the high chapter of the I. O. O. C. being the keeper of a house of ill-fame.



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